

The Musical World.

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**PRICE 4d.
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The first miscellaneous Concert will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Thursday Evening, January 10, 1856, full particulars of which will be duly announced.

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52

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MUSICAL DIRECTORY, 1856.—Price 1s. 6d., by post, 1s. 8d. Owing to delays in the arrival of the Music Lists the work will not be ready before the 1st January.

CONTENTS:

1. A useful Almanac, with Musical Data.
 2. A List of Musical Societies throughout the United Kingdom.
 3. The Musical Doings of the past year.
 4. Names of Professors, Music-sellers, and Musical Instrument Manufacturers throughout the Kingdom, with their Addresses, &c.
 5. Complete List of Music published throughout the Kingdom between Jan. 1 and Nov. 30, 1855.
- The whole forming a most complete work of reference, invaluable to the amateur, professor, and music-seller.
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MR. COSTA'S "ELI."—Addison and Co. having purchased from the composer the copyright of the above oratorio, beg to announce its publication early in January, 1856. Price to subscribers, £1 5s.; non-subscribers, £1 11s. 6d.—210, Regent-street.

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CONVERSATIONS WITH ROSSINI.*

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(Continued from page 818).

CHAPTER X.

In the summer of the year 1836, Rossini paid a week's visit to Frankfort. Felix Mendelssohn happened to be there at the same time, and I had the pleasure of seeing, almost daily, in my father's house, the two men, one of whom had written his last, and the other his first great work. The winning manners of the celebrated maestro captivated Mendelssohn, as they did every one else, and he played for him as long and as much as he wished, both his own compositions and those of others. Rossini still thought of those days with great interest, and often turned the conversation to the Master who was so soon torn from us. He informed us that he had also heard his *Otello* very well executed in Florence, and I was obliged to play for him, four-handed, the symphony in A minor, with Mad. Pfeiffer, a very excellent pianist, from Paris, and who was then stopping at Trouville.

"With what delicacy, with what spirit did Mendelssohn know how to treat even the most trifling motive!" said Rossini, after our performance. "How is it that he never wrote operas? He surely must have had applications from every theatre!"

"You are not acquainted with German theatrical matters, my dear maestro," I replied. "The works of all times and all nations, from those of Gluck down to Balfe and Verdi, are tried, while living German composers are left to themselves, to make an attempt, if they feel so disposed; but the idea of ordering an opera is one that does not so easily enter the mind of a theatrical manager."

"But if young men of talent are not encouraged, if they have no opportunity offered them of gaining experience, it is impossible they can ever do anything!" exclaimed Rossini.

"And they never will!" I replied. "A Beethoven, or a Weber, writes, now and then, one or two masterpieces, but we are as far as ever from a living, progressive national German Opera. I believe, moreover, that German composers will always retain a predominant inclination for instrumental music."

"They usually commence with instrumental music," said Rossini, "and this, perhaps, renders it a difficult task for them afterwards to adapt themselves to the exigencies of vocal music. It costs them an effort to become simple, while the Italians have to exert themselves to the uttermost not to become flat."

"You are very severe, maestro," I replied. "It is true, however, that the most difficult task of any is to unite nobleness with simplicity. While we are on this subject, I must reiterate my regret that after *Guillaume Tell*, you did not continue to write for the Grand-Opéra. Had you not the intention of composing an opera on the text of *Faust*?"

"Yes—it was for a long period a favourite notion of mine, and I had already planned the whole scenarium with Jouy," answered Rossini. "It was naturally based upon Goethe's poem. At this time, however, there arose in Paris a regular Faust-mania; every theatre had a particular Faust of its own, and this somewhat damped my ardour. Meanwhile, the Revolution of July took place; the Grand-Opéra, previously a Royal institution, passed into the hands of a private person; my mother was dead, and my father found a residence in Paris unbearable, because he did not understand French—so I cancelled the agreement, which bound me by rights to send in four other grand operas, preferring to remain quietly in my native land, and enliven the last years of my old father's existence. I had been far away from my poor mother when she expired; this was an endless source of regret to me, and I was most apprehensive that the same thing might occur again in my father's case."

"And so you set off for your native Bologna, where I found you in the year '38, engaged in signing tickets of admission for a public examination, at the Liceo. You then took a great interest in that institution," said I.

"During my residence in Bologna, up to the year '49, I did all in my power for it," replied Rossini. "Was it not the school

which had once given me my own education; I was amused, too, with making the youngsters, who formed a complete orchestra, play me all possible kinds of orchestral works. The effect frequently was of a most giggledly-piggledly description, but it was young, and fresh, and pleasurable."

"You preferred residing in Bologna to residing in Florence; did you not?" I enquired.

"Bologna is really my home, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants are unconstrainedly and good-naturedly comfortable. Florence is more of a Court residence, and that does not suit me, although I always thankfully recollect all the kindness the Grand Duke has invariably shewn me," said Rossini.

"It strikes me, however, illustrissimo maestro," I observed, "that you were never particularly ill at ease when associating with personages of high—nay, even the highest rank, and you certainly had opportunities enough of so doing. Why, you took part in the Congress of Verona?"

"I was invited by Prince Metternich," said Rossini, "who wrote me a most amiable letter on the occasion. Since, so ran the said letter, I was *le Dieu de l'harmonie*, I was to go to Verona, where harmony was so much needed. Had it been possible to ensure it by means of cantatas, I certainly should have done so: in the shortest space imaginable, I had to compose five such pieces, for the *Negotianti*, and for the *Nobili*, for the Festival of the *Concordia*—and for I know not what besides!"

"But how did you manage to do it all?" I asked.

"Partly by joining together a number of old compositions and putting new words to them—but even that was a laborious task, and one which I could scarcely accomplish," said Rossini. "In a chorus on Union, it so happened that the word *Alleanza* fell upon a lugubrious chromatic sigh; I had no time to alter it, but I thought it only proper to inform Prince Metternich beforehand of this melancholy trick of Chance."

"He recognised in it the work of some higher directing power," said I.

"He submitted to it with a laugh, at any rate," continued the maestro. "The festival, however, which took place in the Arena, was wonderfully fine, and is still vividly present to my recollection. The only thing that annoyed me in the whole business was that, in order to direct my cantata, I was obliged to stand under a high statue of Concord, and was apprehensive that it would, every moment, fall upon my head."

"In that case, Concord would indeed have received a heavy blow—or you would," said I.*

"*Merci!*" replied Rossini.

"The commotion created at the time in this same Verona was something fabulous. I, among others, was presented to the Emperor Alexander. He and King George the Fourth of England were the two most amiable crowned heads I ever met. Of the charm of the latter's personal appearance and demeanour it is scarcely possible to form an idea. But Alexander, too, was a magnificent, and really fascinating man. From Verona, I proceeded to Venice, for the purpose of writing *Semiramide*. Several of the grand personages were there also, including Prince Metternich, who took an extraordinary interest in music, and rely understood something about it. He was present every evening in the Fenice, at the rehearsals of my opera, and appeared very happy at being able to withdraw thither for a time from his political circles."

"The anecdote of the chromatic *Alleanza*," said I, "reminds me of the story people tell of your having received, on the occasion of the States of the Church being occupied by the Austrians, an order for a cantata, and of your having executed your task by ironically adapting the new text to a very popular patriotic song of your own composition."

"There is not a single word of truth in the whole story," replied Rossini. "I was not disturbed, and really had no desire to play off any jokes upon the strict gentlemen in question. I never in any manner meddled with politics. I was a musician, and a desire to be anything else never entered my head,

*This is about equivalent to Herr Hiller's joke: *Das würde eine auf den Kopf gefallene Eintracht gegeben haben, which cannot be rendered literally.*—TRANSLATOR.

* Translated expressly for *The Musical World*.

although I take the liveliest interest in what is going on in the world, and especially in the fate of my native land. That I have experienced and observed a great deal is, however, true."

(To be concluded in our next.)

OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 820.)

As we have seen, the alliterative rhyme united, for the sensuous ear, verbal roots, expressing opposite sensations (as "Lust und Leid," "Wohl und Weh"), and, in this manner, presented them, as allied in kind, to the feelings. Now, musical modulation is capable of rendering a connection of this description perceptible to them in a far higher degree. If we take, for instance, an alliteratively-rhymed verse, containing the expression of perfectly similar sensations, such as "Liebe giebt Lust zum Leben," the musician would, in this case, since, in the alliteratively-rhymed roots of the accents, a similar sensation is sensuously manifested, have no natural motive for stepping beyond the key once chosen, but would determine the raising and sinking of the voice, with perfect satisfaction to the feelings, in one and the same. If we compare to this a verse of mixed sensation, such as: "Die Liebe bringt Lust und Leid," the musician would, since the alliterative rhyme connects two opposite sensations, feel compelled to pass from the key in which he commenced, and which corresponded to the first sensation, into another, corresponding to the second sensation, according to its relation to the one determined in the first key. The word "Lust" which seems to press forward to the second sensation as the uttermost pitch of the first, would necessarily have to receive, in this phrase, quite another intonation to that in the phrase, "Die Liebe giebt Lust zum Leben;" the tone sung on it would involuntarily become the determining guiding-tone which would pass forward of necessity to the other key, in which the word "Leid" was to be expressed. In this relative position to each other, "Lust and Leid" would become the manifestation of a particular sensation, whose peculiarity would lie precisely in the point where two opposite sensations were represented as presupposing each other, and thus as necessarily belonging to each other, and as really related; and this manifestation is only to be realized in music according to its capability of harmonic modulation, because by means of the latter it exercises a uniting restraint upon the sensuous feelings, for which no other art possesses the requisite strength. Let us, however, in the first place, see how the musical modulation, combined with the purport of the verse, is able to lead back to the first sensation. Let the second verse, following the verse, "Die Liebe bringt Lust und Liebe," be: "Doch in ihr Weh auch webt sie Wonnen;" "webt" would in its turn become the guiding tone into the first key, as from here the second sensation returns to the first, which is now enriched—a return which the poet, by means of the alliterative rhyme, was able to represent to the sensuous perception of feeling, only as an advance of the sensation of the "Weh" into that of the "Wonnen," but not as a conclusion of the species of the sensation of the "Liebe," while the musician becomes perfectly intelligible, precisely because he returns most openly to the first key, and thus decidedly portrays the sensation of the species as an indivisible one, which was impossible for the poet, who was obliged to change the commencement of the root for the alliterative rhyme. But the poet suggested the sensation of kind, by means of the *sense* of the two verses; he thus demanded their realization for the feelings, and determined the realizing musician for his mode of proceeding. The justification for his mode of proceeding, that, as an unconditional one, would strike us as arbitrary and unintelligible, is obtained by the musician, therefore, from the intention of the poet—from an intention which the latter would only suggest, or, at most, only approximately realize for the fragments of his manifestation (precisely in the alliterative rhyme), but the full realization of which is only possible for the musician, and that, through the power of employing the primitive relationship of tones, for a

perfectly indivisible manifestation of primitively indivisible sensations to the feelings.

We can most easily form an idea how immeasurably great this power is, if we fancy the sense of the two lines, previously quoted, as represented still more definitely in such a way, that, between the advance out of the one sensation and the return to it already carried out in the second verse, a longer series of verses expressed the most varied enhancement and mixture of intermediary sensations, partly augmenting, and partly reconciling, until the final return to the principal feeling. In this case, the musical modulation, in order to realise the poetical intention, would have to lead into the most varied keys, and then back again; but all the keys introduced would appear in a strict relation of affinity with the primitive key, on which the particular light which they shed over the expression is dependent, and by which the very capability of thus affording light is, to a certain extent, first afforded. The principal key, as the fundamental tone of the sensation broached, would display in itself the primitive relationship with all keys, and thus manifest the definite sensation, by means of the expression, during its utterance in height and expansion, so that only what was related to it could, for the duration of its utterance, determine our feelings; our general power of feeling would be solely filled with this sensation, on account of its heightened expansion, and thus this one sensation would have been raised into the most comprehensive, all-human, and infallibly intelligible one.

If the poetically-musical *period* has been thus described, as decided according to a principal key, we may, for the present, designate as most perfect for the expression *that* work of art in which a great number of such periods are so presented, with the greatest abundance, that, for the realisation of a very high poetical intention, they pre-suppose themselves out of one another, and are developed into a rich collective manifestation, in which the attributes of man are represented most surely and comprehensively to the feelings, in a decisive and principal direction, that is to say, in a direction perfectly capable of grasping in itself the attributes of man (as a principal key is able to grasp in itself all other keys). Such a work of art is the perfect drama, in which the comprehensive direction of the attributes of man is manifested, in a logical, self-supposing series of points of feeling, with such strength and power of conviction to the feelings, that, as the necessary and most definite utterance of the purport of the feelings of the points raised to the comprehensive collective-motive, the *action* springs from this rich store of conditions, as the last, and involuntarily demanded point, which is thus perfectly understood.

Before proceeding from the character of the poetically musical period, and deciding further respecting the drama, as it has to grow out of the mutual development of a great many necessary periods of this description, we must determine most accurately *that* point, which presupposes even the separate melodic period, according to its expression of feeling, out of the power of pure music, and which has to place at our disposal the immeasurably binding organ, by whose most peculiar assistance alone we are first enabled to realise the perfect drama. This organ will spring for us out of the vertical expansion—as I have already called it—of harmony, where it raises itself from its foundation, if we apply to the harmony itself the possibility of the most sympathetic co-operation with the entire work of Art.

CHAPTER IV.

We have now shown that the conditions for the melodic progress out of one key into another lie in the poetic intention, as far as the latter had manifested the purport of its feelings, and, in so doing, proved that the inducing *ground* for the melodic movement, as one also justified for the feelings, could proceed from this intention alone. What, however, alone renders this progress, absolutely necessary for the poet, *possible*, lies naturally not in the domain of verbal speech, but, most decidedly, only in that of music. This element, *harmony*, most peculiar to music, is that which is only conditional on the poetic intention in so far as it is the other, feminine element, into which the intention pours itself for its realization and for its redemption. For it is the *bearing* element, which merely absorbs the poetic intention as

generative seed, to fashion, according to the most peculiar conditions of its feminine organization, into a finished fact. This organization is peculiar, individual, and, moreover, precisely *not* procreating but bearing; it received from the poet the fructifying seed, but it forms and ripens the fruit according to its own peculiar and individual power.

The melody, as it appears on the surface of the harmony, is conditional, for its decisive purely musical expression, solely on the ground of the harmony, working from below; just as it is manifested as a horizontal line, it is connected with the ground in question by a perpendicular chain. This chain is the harmonic accord, which, as a vertical succession of most nearly-related tones, rises out of the fundamental tone to the surface. The consonance of this accord first imparts to the tone of the melody that peculiar importance, according to which it was employed as a distinctive point of expression, alone characteristic. Just as the accord determined by the separate tone of the melody first imparts its peculiar expression—since one and the same tone upon another fundamental tone allied to it obtains quite a different import for the expression—every progress of the melody out of one key into another is determined, also, only according to the changing fundamental tone, which presupposes the guiding tone of the harmony, as such, from out of itself. The presence of this fundamental tone, and of the harmonic accord determined out of it, is indispensable for the feelings, which should grasp the melody according to its characteristic expression. The presence of the fundamental harmony is, however, the *co-sounding* of it. The co-sounding of the harmony to the melody first completely convinces the feelings of the purport of the feelings of the melody, which, without this co-sounding, would leave something indefinite for the feelings; but it is only with the fullest definiteness of all points of the expression that the feelings are decided, quickly and immediately, to involuntary interest, while, moreover, full definiteness of the expression is only the *most complete communication of all its necessary points to the feelings*.

The ear imperatively demands, therefore, even the co-sounding of the harmony to the melody, because it is through this co-sounding that it first fulfils its sensuous power of perception, which it thus satisfies, and is enabled to devote itself, with the necessary calm, to the well defined expression of feeling of the melody. The co-sounding of the harmony to the melody is not, therefore, a burden, but the only realizing alleviation for the understanding of the ear. It was only when the harmony was not capable of being uttered as melody, that is—when the melody was not justified either by the rhythm of the dance, or by the verbal verse, but without this justification, which alone can determine it as perceptible for the feelings, was merely manifested as an accidental appearance on the surface of the accords of arbitrarily changing fundamental tones—it was only in such a case as this, that the feelings, without determining support, would be disturbed by the bald manifestation of the harmony, because the latter would only excite them without afterwards satisfying their excitement.

[To be continued.]

BRIGHTON AND HOVE LYING-IN INSTITUTION.—Mad. and Herr Otto Goldschmidt have each presented 10 guineas to this excellent charity. The contributions were forwarded to the treasurer, Lieutenant Dixon, R.N., by Mr. Frederick Beale, of the house of Cramer, Beale, and Co.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Messrs. Grieve and Telbin have not been behindhand in their endeavours to attract the attention of the holiday makers. They have added two new views to their moving picture of the war, "Sebastopol after the Capture" (seen from Fort Paul), and "Fort Kinburn"—the first taken from a sketch by Major Tupper, and the second by a naval officer. Both are beautifully painted, and form valuable additions to the gallery already so wealthy in interesting effects.

MANHEIM.—A serious accident occurred at the theatre on the 12th instant. During the first act of *La Dame Blanche*, the stage gave way, and seven persons fell through. Three or four were very severely injured, and the performance had to be brought to an immediate conclusion.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1856.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are requested to forward the payment of at least one quarter in advance. Those who have not paid their subscriptions up to Christmas, will not receive the paper after Saturday next, unless the quarters now due are previously paid.

NOTICE.

SEVERAL complaints having been made by subscribers of the irregular delivery of the *Musical World* in London, the Publishers beg again to state that they have no control whatever over the circulation of the paper in town. The sale of the *Musical World* in London is entirely in the hands of the News Agents, to whom all complaints on the subject must be addressed. The Publishers beg to remind subscribers who do not receive the paper regularly, that their easiest remedy for this neglect, is to transfer their orders to other newsvenders.

BIRTHS.

On Tuesday, December 25th (Christmas Day)—at Regency House, King's Road, Brighton—Madame Giulia Grisi, of a daughter.—On the same day, the wife of Captain Harry Lee Carter, the well-known musical amateur, of a daughter.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29TH, 1855.

EARLY in the season, a great bubble burst. Herr Richard Wagner, preacher and inventor of the "Future Art-Drama"—whose name had been, for a long time previously, a sort of menace to music as an "absolute" and independent art—appeared, at last, to speak for himself in these insular countries, and successfully officiated as his own executioner. Until he came and ministered to us personally, little or nothing was known of his qualifications as a musician—at any rate little or nothing that was intelligible. But now both the man and his system have been clearly demonstrated—that is to say, as clearly as anything so vague and shadowy can be exhibited under any combination of circumstances. We need hardly refer to Herr Wagner's inefficiency as a conductor—of other compositions than his own; enough was said at the time on that particular head. Nor is it requisite to recall those specimens of the "future" music which were condemned by genuine connoisseurs and listened to with apathy by the crowd of uninitiated hearers—we mean the overture to *Tannhauser* and the selections from *Lohengrin*. They received their final judgment, and it required no conjurer to point out the dullness and common-place which were their characteristics. Such a wind and dust about nothing was never raised before. But Herr Wagner, we were reminded, must be read to be known thoroughly. What he advocated, what he had done and meant to do, could only be viewed and understood from his books. Well, we have essayed our best to obtain for the books a candid and honest judgment. We have laid open our columns, week after week, for many months past, to a close and careful translation (from the pen of an accomplished scholar) of Herr Wagner's most famous treatise—*Oper und Drama*—of which not one word has been omitted, and which we are charmed to inform our readers is rapidly approaching its termination. Strong remonstrances have been addressed to us from various quarters against passages in this singular

book, to which the mild epithet of "improper" has been not unreasonably applied; while many have objected to its complex and elaborate tediousness, to say nothing of its unintelligibility. Nevertheless, we were resolved, no matter at what risk to ourselves, that Herr Wagner should have a fair chance; and a good number of sentences, which the impulse of the moment had induced us to erase, were subsequently restored, that not one link in the chain of his reasoning might be lost.

* And now since our readers (we fear that our appeal must be addressed to a curiously investigating minority) have before them the whole *Oper und Drame*, in its integrity, will they be obliging enough to tell us what they think of it, what they have learned from it, and how, on a full consideration of the principles it develops at such length and prolixity, they would proceed to apply them to the composition of a musical drama? For our own parts we are at a loss to conceive.

The first part of the book, or at least a large portion of it, is amusing enough, although all that can be rationally gathered from it is summed up in the critical opinions of Herr Wagner about other composers. That these are often profound and far-sighted, nearly always original, and clothed in a phraseology as odd and diverting as it is extravagantly metaphorical, few who have been able to wade through the volume will deny. But with the deductions ingeniously obtained by the author from his own premises, in his review of operatic composers, we cannot agree. We will not admit that the history of operatic music, from Gluck and Mozart down to Rossini, Auber and Meyerbeer, is the history of a mistake gradually rising to its point of culmination in the author of *The Huguenots*—a mistake ordained by Fate, in the beginning, to be rectified and atoned for by Herr Richard Wagner. Nor are we more disposed to grant that Beethoven, in his vain attempts to express by instrumental music that which it is impossible for instrumental music to express, has involuntarily abetted in bringing the mistake to its aforesaid point of culmination. From what Herr Wagner chooses to denominate "Beethoven's error" he derives all that is bad in modern music. To that error, indirectly, he attributes the origin of Meyerbeer's "vicious" orchestra. Intent upon that error, charmed with it, and gazing on it with amorous longing, M. Hector Berlioz grew out of it to what he afterwards became, until, though still devoured with the artistic yearning, he was "irretrievably buried beneath the ruins of his own machines" (his own orchestra). The "Beethoven error" was the error upon which "the immeasurably rich musician" stumbled, in imagining that instrumental music, unassisted, could give a voice to human feelings and emotions, and find an echo in the heart of man—that music could be absolute—that the musician could be complete without the poet—in short, to apply Herr Wagner's own absurd and monstrous definition, the "woman" without the "man." In his trouble, the vexed and disappointed Beethoven would appear, as it were, a "genial madman," and note down "hurried strokes," etc. Upon these hurried strokes of the despairing master, M. Berlioz gazed with "anxious polycoscopy;" and, assuming them to be the essence and soul of music, unconsciously took them as a starting point, and thence appealed to the world in compositions of an extraordinary and unheard-of nature. Failing to make what he had to say intelligible "to the stupid and thick-headed people" about him, (the Parisians—who were equally unable to comprehend Herr Wagner) he arranged in such wise

the whole of his "musical household goods and chattels" as to present that monstrous paraphernalia under the fragments of which he now lies smothered. This paraphernalia is the modern orchestra, which Berlioz completed, and which Meyerbeer (always a thief—a "starling") applied to operatic music, while, in the last stage of its death agonies, it was waiting for Herr Wagner to perform, like another Elijah, with inward faith and prophetic inspiration, the miracle of its revival.

This is the state at which operatic music has arrived, through progressive stages, from Gluck down to Meyerbeer. And remember that, while Mozart and the rest of them set out from a false view of the operatic drama, and went on "erring," each of the great composers, instead of enriching the art with contributions, in various styles, more or less approaching to masterpieces (as the world has wrongly supposed), did something apart towards degrading the operatic drama, administered, in fact, a blow to aid in the process of its dissolution. Meantime Beethoven, the genial madman—his "hurried strokes" penetrating through the tortuous machinery of Berlioz into the profligate orchestra of Meyerbeer—conducted materially, though insensibly, to the final catastrophe.

The operatic drama, as hitherto known, having been thus false and artificial from the outset, there is no need to regret its decease. Some ill-judging persons—remarks Herr Wagner, in one of his queerest chapters—pointed to the long-expected *Loreley* of Mendelssohn, as likely to give a new life to opera, and arrest its downfall; but Mendelssohn's good angel loved him too well to submit him to the ordeal of certain failure, and took him away in time. The blasphemy of this suggestion is only equalled by its impertinence. The admirers of Mendelssohn, however, may console themselves with the reflection that nothing such a mushroom musician as Herr Wagner can possibly say against his compositions will rob them of one atom of their value.

Having, in the first part of his book, established to his own satisfaction what the operatic drama should be, or rather what it should not be, but has been; having shewn that Mozart was a woman, because he would and could be nothing but "an absolute musician,"* and that the "immeasurably rich" Beethoven went mad because he could not explain to people what he wanted to tell them (it is a pity that Beethoven was not born later, or Herr Wagner sooner—they might then have met, and the union of music and poetry have been accomplished); having examined the short comings of Gluck; explained and in a measure justified the pretensions of Spontini (who was as pompously conceited as Herr Wagner himself); having put Méhul, Cherubini, and "such like," in a corner; overlooked Spohr and Boieldieu altogether; condoled with the profitless "stammering" of Weber; presented us with portraits of Rossini and Auber, riding at their ease in the "melodious coach," heedless where the horses might take them, while Meyerbeer, first as a starling, hops after the plough, and picks up the worms (the ideas of his contemporaries) discovered by the newly upturned earth, then like the others, in that same "melodious coach," protrudes his body out of the window and seizes the reins himself, in order by the zig-zag motion of the vehicle to attract attention from the passers-by; having done all this and a great deal more too long to narrate, seasoning the whole with a very original sauce, in which "the people," and "the

* Mark how in the men that Herr Wagner praises most unreservedly—Mozart and Beethoven—there is still a something, established which renders them inferior to himself!

"people's melody," and "the people's way of looking at things" form strange ingredients; with another sauce (*piquante*) of which the relations of the sexes, the incompleteness of woman without man and *vice versa*, "parturition" and so forth, are the elements; and a third sauce, wholly composed of a kind of "immeasurably" eccentric egoism, which imparts a "relish" to the entire treatise; Herr Wagner concludes the first part of his hodge-podge of philosophy and poetry, music and drama, history and tradition, metaphor and *mythos*, parable and paradox, theory and cant, criticism and contumely, truth and falsehood, eloquence and bathos, good sense and nonsense—a jumble of heterogeneous elements in short, altogether unexampled in literature—with a proposition to examine "narrowly" the poet, in order that it may be seen whether that worthy is in a condition to receive the love which the incomplete musician yearns to bestow upon him.

The "narrow examination" of the poet is achieved, microscopically, in the second part of *Oper und Drame*, which represents a volume of far less interest to "absolute musicians" than the first. Here *mythos* is explained, and recommended, as the mine which alone can be successfully explored for materials to build up the operatic drama. A very masterly and penetrating analysis of the *mythos* of *Œdipus* and his family, according to the dramatic treatment of Sophocles, is the best thing in the volume, and indeed we believe the best thing in the whole of Herr Wagner's literary works. Nevertheless the plan of applying myth to the purposes of dramatic music is not clearly laid down by Herr Wagner, who in his easy verbosity is apt rather to enlarge and be discursive than to stick to a point until he has thoroughly expounded it. His view of myth has a very extensive range, and we imagine embraces the whole circle of national legends of every country; but he fixes no rule for choice of subject, and establishes no comprehensive principles upon which the "eagerly desirous" musician of the "Future" may be guided in his search after the *Ultima Thule* of the drama's perfection. In perusing *Oper und Drame*, volumes first and second, he will be tolerably bewildered; but when proceeding, with Herr Wagner himself, to examine "soberly," the important act of "parturition"—while music, allied to poetry, is bringing forth fruit in the perfected drama—if his wits be as fine as those of Hermogenes, and at the same time as brittle (which may be presupposed from the fact of his having entered upon such a wildgoose chase) they are likely to snap, and the "eagerly desirous" musician to go mad. Such an abstruse galimatias as this third volume is unequalled among the most vaporous and windy of the German metaphysics. It can never be understood without endless toil and contemplation, and when understood, is, for any sensible purpose, worthless. Herr Wagner is a very slow midwife. The labour of his muse must be so great that, ten to one, the "parturition" results in something less considerable than a mouse and more unwelcome than an abortion. *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin* are rare examples of this painful bringing forth—this tyranny of poet over musician—far worse than the despotism of Weber over Kind, who is consumed to ashes in the fire of the composer's melody, or the pernicious influence of Rossini over the "fat and lazy parasite," whom his patron, affable, though heartlessly, treats with "oysters and champagne."

Herr Wagner, to speak in other language, would turn the musician into an *Æolian* harp, over the strings of which the wind of the "future" poesy might pass at will, making it

sing in a strain of dirge-like, measureless monotony. *Lohengrin* (its music—the myth is by no means bad) may fairly be likened to such a harp, with some strings loose, flapping again st the wooden belly of the instrument, and against broken panes of glass in the casement of a dilapidated tower. The other strings are out of tune. The rain plashes against harp, and wall, and window; while the gusts of (Herr Wagner's) wind blow upon it capriciously, violently at intervals, and, ever and anon, turning it upside down (poor harp!) threaten it with instant destruction. Was there ever heard such music as the *Lohengrin* music! May it please Herr Wagner's "good angel" to imitate that other good angel (in the matter of *Loreley*), and snatch him away to the spheres, where his muse will possibly be appreciated, and his harmonic soul be re-absorbed into the *anima mundi*, before he has time to threaten inoffensive people with an infliction of "the whole" *Niebelungen*!

Why does not Dr. Liszt, who raves about Herr Wagner, persuade the unhappy duke of Weimar into the exclusive possession of the "future" man? The inhabitants of Weimar, what with Wagner and the other *protégés* of their cherished *Kapellmeister*, must, if not quite deaf, be by this time at least as demented as the Duke and the Doctor; and no further harm can accrue to them. Bulow, Brahms, and the whole *clique* of "the Future," might be invited to take up their residence at Weimar. The rail from Cassel, on one side, and from Leipsic, on the other, might be removed. We should then see a community of musical socialists, something like the New Lanark of Robert Owen, the colony of Ole Bull, or the country described by Gulliver in his travels, where the inhabitants carried their heads under their arms. There would be no want of animal food, since the place is full of geese. Liszt would be in his glory—at the feet of Wagner; and "the Future" might be apostrophised and worshipped by the citizens, until, "parturition" being impossible, the little town became a desert. We merely throw out the hint.

In the Paris correspondence of the *Morning Advertiser* (Thursday, Dec. 27), occurs the following paragraph:—

"Mlle. Cruvelli has just made another start from Paris, leaving her engagements and audience in the lurch. As on the last occasion, this eccentric person left without announcing her intention to cancel her engagements at the Opera. Before her return she will become the bride of a gentleman who has long been soliciting the honour. *Decus et Tutamen.*"

The whole of the above may be set down for as flagrant a specimen of wilful mendacity as ever disgraced the columns of the press. Beyond this, we have nothing more to say about it, unless that we are surprised a paper which pretends to respectability (a mere pretence, it is to be feared), should condescend to give currency to such miserable scurrility.

Mlle. SOPHIE CRUVELLI has retired from the stage a fortnight sooner than was expected. A representation of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* had been announced for the 16th instant; but the celebrated cantatrice solicited that her engagement might terminate immediately, instead of on the 31st December. The pretexts upon which she founded her request being found reasonable, it was acceded to. Her marriage with M. the Baron Vigier, is to be celebrated on the 5th of next month.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris.*

Ibid.—Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli has asked for and obtained the

immediate cessation of her engagement, which did not expire until December 31st. It was after the 50th representation of the *Vêpres Siciliennes* that her demand was agreed to by the management of the Opera. This explains the substitution of *Robert le Diable* for the *Vêpres Siciliennes* on Sunday, the 16th instant. Mdlle. Cruvelli, whatever may happen, leaves her name attached to the work of Signor Verdi. We may confidently say that it will be very difficult to make the public forget the triumphs she has achieved in the fine part of *Hélène*, without doubt her most beautiful "creation" since the commencement of her dramatic career.—*La France Musicale*.

Ibid.—It is announced that Mdlle. Cruvelli, whose engagement was not to finish till next month, has suddenly abandoned it "à l'aimable." The cause is assigned to her approaching marriage, of which the bans have already been published.—*Le Ménestrel*.

SIGNOR VERDI has quitted Paris for Bussetto, his native place. He has already, we understand, accepted a *libretto* for a second grand opera at the Académie Impériale de Musique et de Danse.

MARIETTA PICCOLOMINI.—We are informed by the *Revue et Gasette Musicale*, that this young and celebrated singer is engaged for next season at the Paris Italian Opera. Signor Calzadò must possess a mine of wealth, since it is probable the terms demanded by Mdlle. Piccolomini will not be much less than those accorded to Albioni—2,000 francs (£80) a night.

ROSSINI.—We learn from the French papers that this celebrated composer has had so serious a relapse, that he does not see his most intimate friends at present.

CARLOTTA GRISI.—It is stated that Mdlle. Carlotta Grisi has retired altogether from the stage. The charming *artiste* intends, they say, to fix her residence in Paris.—*Messager des Théâtres et des Arts*.

AUBER.—At a review lately held by the Emperor, in Paris, this celebrated composer met with an accident which might have had very serious consequences. He was getting out of his carriage when he was thrown down by a dragoon who rode rapidly by without perceiving him. We are happy to be able to state that a few days quiet and confinement to the house have restored M. Auber to health, and that he is incessantly occupied upon his new opera for the *début* of Mad. Marie Cabel at the Opéra Comique.

MR. HENRY C. BANISTER'S CONCERT.—The crowded state of our columns has prevented us, till now, stating that the Annual Concert of this gentleman took place at St. Martin's Hall on Monday evening, the 26th ult. Mr. H. C. Banister is well known and deservedly respected in the musical world as a composer and pianist of merit. His qualifications as a composer were exemplified in a pianoforte sonata, which, though occasionally suggestive of the author's acquaintance with Mendelssohn's music, belongs to the right school, and is a work of considerable pretensions. As a pianist, the performance of Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, which, though Mr. Banister was evidently nervous, was fluent and vigorous—spoke highly in his favour. He was well seconded by Mr. J. Banister and Mr. Lucas as violinist and violoncellist. Two songs by Mr. H. C. Banister, "On a faded Violet," poetry by Shelley, and "Bonnie wee Thing," poetry by Burns, very pleasing compositions, were exceedingly well sung (the latter was encored) by Miss Dolby, who also sang the well-known aria of Stradella. Some selections for the pianoforte by Messrs. Cipriani Potter and Sterndale Bennett were also well played by Mr. H. C. Banister, who also introduced a duet for two pianofortes by Mozart, in conjunction with Mr. Sterndale Bennett, which was warmly applauded. A duet for pianoforte and violoncello, with Mr. Lucas, at the end of the concert, and a sonata for violin and pianoforte, with Mr. J. Banister, both by Beethoven, were ably executed and deservedly applauded.

BALS MASQUES AT PARIS.—The first two balls at the Opera have been as brilliant as was expected. M. Strauss and his orchestra were in great force. The decorations of the theatre are as splendid as usual, while the illuminations excel those of former years. The costumes of the visitors were picturesque and eccentric. The *foyer*, adorned with flowers and brilliant with light, is, as usual, the *rendezvous* of all the "dominos" and intriguers.—*Messager des Théâtres et des Arts*.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

PANTOMIME is in the ascendant this year, and Extravaganza at a discount. The right things are falling into the right places. Pantomime at Christmas and Fairy Spectacle at Easter are the right entertainments at the right times; and people would have as good cause to complain of having no pantomime on Boxing-night, as of no plum-pudding on Christmas Day. Of all the metropolitan theatres which enjoy the title of "Royal," the Olympic alone deviates from the time-honoured custom, and unfurls the banner of Extravaganza. Doubtless, it was considered that Mr. Robson was more than a match for Flexmore and Tom Matthews together; especially with Mr. Planché as his pilot. The new piece at the Olympic—*The Discreet Princess*, or the *Three Glass Distaffs*—is worthy of the *Yellow Dwarf*, and Mr. Robson has almost surpassed his former eccentric displays in his new delineation of Prince Richcraft.

It is some time since a pantomime was witnessed at Covent Garden; and "Professor" Anderson is entitled to consideration for having restored the good old custom. Whether his *Magic and Mystery*, however, be the right thing, and in the right place at Covent Garden, we have no time to discuss. The new pantomime at Covent Garden—*Ye Belle Alliance*; or *Harlequin Good Humour and the Field of the Cloth of Gold*—is remarkable for its splendid scenery, dresses, and *mise-en-scène*, and for the characteristic music of Mr. Loder, to which we wish that justice had been done. But the band, although at Covent Garden, was not Mr. Costa's. The pantomime is written by Mr. Augustus Sala (and well written), "tricked" by the Broughs (but the tricks don't go), painted (and splendidly), by Mr. W. Beverley, &c., and produced under the superintendence of Mr. A. Harris.—Mr. E. T. Smith has "come out" strong. The name of the pantomime at Drury Lane, is *Hey Diddle Diddle*; or *King Nonsense and the Seven Ages of Man*. It contains two sets of harlequinade characters (one too many). The "immortal" Tom Matthews is one of the clowns. Some of the scenery is beautiful—two scenes, by Mr. W. Beverley, magnificent indeed. The tricks are not entirely original.—Mr. Buckstone again treats his visitors with a capital, real, downright Christmas pantomime at the Haymarket. It is called *The Butterfly's Ball*, and the *Grasshopper's Feast*, or *Harlequin and the Genius of Spring*. It is a good pantomime, and sure to have a "run."—The old story of *The Maid and the Magpie* supplies the groundwork of the pantomime at the Princess's. The scenery is very fine, but the piece does not seem very well fitted for a pantomime. Mr. Tanner's dogs are wonderful.—*Jack and the Bean Stalk* is the name of the pantomime at the Adelphi, which is no pantomime at all, although Madame Celeste makes herself more than usually conspicuous by her very original assumption of Harlequin. She also plays Jack in the introduction—*Black Eyed Susan* is the theme of the Strand affair, which is not bad considering the capabilities of the theatre.—At the Surrey we hear the *Prince of Pearls*, or *Harlequin and Jane Shore*. At Astley's *Harlequin and St. George and the Dragon*, or the *seven Champions of Christendom*. At the Lyceum *sir*!

MAD. GOLDSCHMIDT AT EXETER-HALL.

HAYDN's *Creation* was repeated on Thursday evening to another vast crowd, with Mr. Benedict as director, and Messrs. Lockey and Lawler as the male solo singers. Mad. Goldschmidt seem to have a slight cold, and in "With Verdure clad" her voice occasionally dropped, or flattened, towards the end of the *sons filés*. But in the staid *bravura*, "On mighty Pens," she warbled and trilled and "coo'd" as delightfully as before; and in "Graceful Consort" still more delightfully. Her reception was enthusiastic.

On Monday *The Messiah*.

AHMED-BACHI-ZORNADJI, chief musician to the at-one-time Day of Algiers, died lately, at the age of 107.

MR. AND MRS. REED (late Miss P. Horton) are giving their entertainment of *Illustrative Gatherings* at Brighton with great success. The fourth performance, on Friday se'nnight, was very fully attended, and the applause most genuine.

SIG. MARIO will not leave Brighton for Paris until the 12th of January.

HEER REICHARDT.—This popular solo singer has returned to town for a short period, after a successful provincial tour, previous to his departure for Scotland, where he has been engaged for the opera season.

REVIEWS.

No. 1. "PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTIONS, EXERCISES AND LESSONS." Dedicated to Cipriani Potter, Esq. By Lindsay Sloper.

No. 2. "PIANOFORTE SCHOOL FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS." By Carl Engel.

No. 3. "AN ESSAY ON PIANOFORTE FINGERING." By Charles Neate.

ONE would have thought there had been enough of instruction-books, elementary treatises, &c., for the piano. It seems not, however; and admitting that every individual proficient may have something worth knowing to communicate, No. 1 (*Pianoforte Exercises, Instructions, and Lessons*) must be welcome, as coming from so thoroughly practised a pianist and musician as Mr. Lindsay Sloper. If we are required to state what the work contains of *new*, we shall be at some difficulty. That the whole is sensible and eminently practical may be stated at once, and will be readily believed; but except some good advice administered to professors, in the preface, together with general observations the truth of which is undeniable, we are at a loss to point out any absolutely novel feature. The book is divided into three parts (as may be implied from its title), the first theoretical, the second devoted to exercises and scales, and the third to short "elementary lessons," derived from various sources, and fingered with great care and minuteness. These, Mr. Sloper tells us, are "to be studied simultaneously, under the guidance and according to the discretion of the professor." (The italics are the author's.) The argument for this triple-task at once is thus presented:—"Whilst the fingers of some pupils may be more active than their intelligence—in others the reverse may be evinced; and it is indeed difficult to devise a progressive course of study which shall be equally adapted to all." This, at least, seems to us rather obscure, as an apology for the performance demanded by Mr. Sloper. Because some pupils have one gift more remarkably developed than another, and *vice versa*, it seems hardly logical to set them *all* indiscriminately to do three things at one time. Probably it is meant that one section of the instructions should be read, one scale and exercise practised, and one elementary lesson mastered at each sitting. In that case the intention is clear enough, though it will scarcely admit of being universally carried out. Mr. Sloper has given "especial prominence to the first principles of fingering," to the early inculcation of which he rightly attaches very great importance. His own method of fingering, moreover, is so intelligible and easily applied, that we think him wrong in accompanying it, as he does occasionally, with examples of others which differ from it. This does not assist, but confuse, a learner. There is nothing worse, nothing which retards mechanical progress so much, as uncertainty and caprice in fingering. In the last paragraph of his preface Mr. Sloper admonishes teachers to impart to their scholars (among other wise things) "a reverential love of the great works of the musical art"—and for a reason that might be written in letters of gold—viz., "that in thoroughly educating *individuals*," they are contributing to advance the musical taste of the country." Nothing can be truer, and we should be glad if one professor out of ten would adopt it as a rule of conduct.

Herr Engel, in his preface to No. 2, (Carl Engel's *Pianoforte School for Young Beginners*) complains that young beginners are too early directed to the practice of "scales and pieces in which the fingers have to be put above and below each other" (meaning, we presume, to pass over and under each other). We cannot agree with him. We think, on the contrary, that, after having learned the names of the notes, so as to be able to identify them equally on the key-board of the instrument and on the printed staff, the very first thing to give to a beginner is the open scale of C. Let him at once commence the passage of thumb under fingers and fingers over thumb, so that it may early be made as familiar to him as the rest—since it should be remembered that, at the outset, this is not *naturally* more difficult than the mere alternation of the five fingers, one after another, without moving the hand at all. Herr Engel recommends every one who studies an instrument to cultivate the voice and acquire the rules of harmony. Of the advisability of the latter we are fully persuaded, but of the necessity of the

former we are not quite so certain. What else we have to say about *The Pianoforte School for Young Beginners* may be comprised in few words. The book is precisely what it assumes to be; but there are so many more of the kind extant, that, as the present one contains nothing new, we are at a loss to guess in what quarter it will be able to find a market. There is too much mere book-making in the music-publishing trade; and of this the present work of Herr Engel is an example.

Mr. Neate's *Essay on Fingering* (No. 3) is a work of considerable pretension, and we may add of considerable interest. Its main design, however, is in our humble opinion, rather fantastic than useful. In endeavouring to establish a close connection between the art of fingering and that of expression, Mr. Neate, to obtain certain effects, often advocates fingerings of passages the practice of which on the part of a pupil could only militate against the acquisition of perfect mechanism, the real basis of good pianoforte playing. Mr. Neate is not a greater advocate than we are for strictly following all the marks of expression that are to be found in the works of good composers (those of the modern school are simply hyperbolic); but we maintain, contrary to his opinion, that where perfect mechanism is possessed, the same passages may be executed in various different manners, without change of fingering. Perfect mechanism supposes an equal command over all the fingers of both hands—a power of using them, in short, as the executant may please, under whatever conditions. But this can only be acquired through long practice of an uniform, consistent, and legitimate system of fingering, a system which, once adopted, mastered and developed, would hardly be abandoned. In page 3 of his book Mr. Neate cites a passage which occurs three times, each time with different modes of expression—the first time the whole passage slurred, the second time a slur over each group of two notes, the third time *ditto*, the slur beginning on the second note instead of the first, which has a *staccato* dot. For this passage our author finds three fingerings, the last, we think, a bad one—while it is plain that a performer, with his fingers at command, could execute it very easily, not only with the three expressions cited, but with thrice as many more, if that were requisite.

Not by any means that we wish to argue against the possibility of an occasional change of fingering on the same passage being capable of producing a good effect. But Mr. Neate seems desirous of constructing an elaborate system of expression on the ground of capricious and irregular fingering, and proposes many examples which, while utterly useless to advanced players, are only likely to trammel and perplex the young student. Moreover, we are inclined to believe that such a system, practised early, would be likely to lead to a degree of affectation in style which is the worst vice that can be engendered.

The *Essay on Fingering*, nevertheless, is well worthy attention, as the work of a thoughtful and intelligent man; and it is pleasant to follow Mr. Neate through all the ramifications of his system, and to observe the reading with which he illustrates his dogmas, step by step. By the way (page 6) in a passage belonging to the introductory slow movement of Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, Mr. Neate "cuts his fingers," and descants upon a habit, too frequent with young performers, of not making a sufficient distinction between the treble and the bass (qy. the melody and the harmony?) when the right hand has a marked melodic phrase, and the left only chords, to play. He says they (that is the harmony and melody) *should not sympathise* with each other—which we maintain to be altogether erroneous; for though the harmony, in certain cases, ought to be subdued, it should always follow, in a great measure, the gradations of intensity given to the melody, and therefore must *sympathise* with it. Mr. Neate's way of reasoning may very well serve young ladies who have an aversion to full-chords for the left hand, and, in fear of drowning the right, are apt to leave out more than half the notes of the other, touching the rest so lightly that they can scarcely be heard. This sort of playing (vapouring, or smudging), is less to be tolerated than downright thumping—that is, where the thumper always hits the right notes. And after all, in such music as Beethoven's, shall all those rich and ever-changing harmonies count for nothing? Does not *one note*, peculiarly placed, denote sometimes as much genius, indeed, as a beautiful phrase of melody?

"ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO SARDINIA'S KING." Words by George Swain, music by August Manns.

The only characteristic of this effusion is its extreme length. It is dull as it is long, and as pretentious as it is dull; and as Nym says—"That's the humour of it."

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The Covent Garden season over, M. Jullien has commenced his usual Christmas tour in Manchester. He has given five concerts. The first was on the 20th. The programme consisted of selections very similar to what were given in London. *Fidelio*, *Zampa*, and *Der Freischütz*, were the overtures on the second, third, and fourth nights; the quadrilles were *Le Comte Ory*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Il Trovatore*; the valses were *La Prima Donna*, *La Belle du Village*, and *Wild Flowers*. The first part terminated, every evening, with *The Fall of Sebastopol*, and the second with a galop. Great treats were afforded to thousands by the "Classical" selections at each concert, and although last, not least, by the singing of Madame Gassier. The *Fall of Sebastopol* has caused a great sensation; and with the National airs of France and England, at the end, raised the same enthusiasm as in the metropolis. The solo performers in the quadrilles were generally encored. Mr. Hughes, on the ophicleide, in "Partant pour la Syrie," and the variations on the same, for the cornets, were especially admired. Reichart's flute solos have been, also, nightly encored. The operatic "selections," in which the solo players distinguished themselves nightly, were unanimously admired and applauded.

Madame Gassier's songs were tumultuously redemanded every time she appeared. She has had a regular "ovation." The "classical" selections made us regret that one night was not devoted (half the programme) to Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Beethoven. As it was, however, it was a great treat to the Manchester people to listen to such a band, even in a single movement from a symphony.

The concert on Monday the 24th (Christmas Eve), was the most brilliantly attended of the series, the Theatre Royal being full from the stage to the higher gallery. On Christmas evening the programme was entirely devoted to sacred music, selections being given from *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *The Messiah*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Again the house was full to overflowing. Madame Gassier did not appear. The solos were by Mr. Lazarus (clarinet) "With verdure clad," Mr. König (cornet) in "Cujus Animam," and Mr. Hughes (ophicleide) in the opening of "Dal tuo stellato soglio." The greatest effects were produced when the full band was heard in the choruses, "Thanks be to God" and "The glory of the Lord" "Sound the loud timbrel" (encored) and the prayer from *Mosé*. The only vocal performance was the "Pro peccatis," from the *Stabat Mater*, so finely given by M. Gassier as to be encored. The experiment of a sacred concert was highly successful; indeed, M. Jullien's visit must have been a most profitable one, notwithstanding the expense of bringing down a much larger orchestra than he ever had at Manchester before—the great and desirable addition being in the strings. There were about sixty performers, of which twenty were first and second violins and tenors, six violoncellos, and six double basses. Let us hope he may pay Manchester another visit before his *tournee* is over, and give us a "Festival."

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The concert of Mad. Jenny Goldschmidt have both been successful—remarkably so indeed. The first, on Wednesday evening, was attended by a host of fashionables. The programme was agreeably short. Mad. Goldschmidt sang an air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, some mazurkas of Chopin (arranged by her husband), "John Anderson my Jo," and a Swedish melody ("The Echo"). All her performances were successful, but especially the last. Hummel's septuor divided into two portions (which *The Brighton Guardian* mistakes for two septuors)—was extremely well played by Herr Otto Goldschmidt (a really classical pianist), Messrs. Pratten (flute), Nicholson (oboe), C. Harper (horn), Hill

(violin), Paque (violoncello), and Pratten (double-bass). Herr Goldschmidt also gave some pieces of Bach, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, solus, in a highly finished manner. The concert was altogether agreeable. The second concert, on Saturday afternoon, was equally good in its way, and equally well attended. Mad. Goldschmidt sang "Come per me sereno," "Deh vieni" (*Figaro*), a song by Herr Goldschmidt (a very genial composition), and Taubert's "Bird-song," unanimously encored. Signor Piatti played a violoncello *fantasia*; and Herr Goldschmidt (who accompanied his *cara sposa* in her songs at both concerts) again charmed the audience with some short and agreeable solo performances. There were more than six hundred persons in the room.

PLYMOUTH.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Newcombe, the director of the theatre, has received addresses from many of the London and principal provincial theatres, signed by every member of the different establishments, thanking him for the sympathy and kindness he displayed on the occasion of the late melancholy accident.

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